

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Haue you so slander any moments leisure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,
Looke too't I charge you, come your waies.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The aire bites shroudly, it is very cold.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager aire.

Ham. What houre now?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.

Mar. No, it is strooke

Hora. Indeed; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season.
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A flourish of Trumpets, and two Peeces goes off.*

Ham. The King doth walke to night and takes his rowle,
Keeps wassell and the swaggering vp-spring reeles:
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish downe,
The Kettle Drumme and Trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marrie ist;

But to my mind, though I am native heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heauie-headed reuell East and West
Makes vs traduc'd and taxed of other Nations,
They clip vs Drunkards and with swinish phrased
Soile our addition, and indeed it takes
From our archieuelements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chanceth in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guiltie,
(Since nature cannot choose his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of Reason,
Or by some habit that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stampe of one defect

Being

Prince of Denmark

Being Natures liuery, or Fortune
His Vertues els be they as pure
As infinite as man may vndergoe
Shall in the generall censure take
From that particular fault: the censure
Doth all the noble substance of
To his owne scandall.

Enter

Hora. Looke my Lord it cometh

Ham. Angels and Ministers
Be thou a spirit of health, or Griefe
Bring with thee aires from heauen
Be thy intents wicked or charitable
Thou com'st in such a questionable
That I will speake to thee, Ile
King, Father, Royall Dane, O
Let me not burst in ignorance,
Why thy canoniz'd bones heere
Haue burst their cerements? where
Wherein we saw thee quietly
Hath op't his ponderous and muffled
To cast thee vp againe? what ridd
That thou dead coardest, againe
Reuizites thus the glimpses of
Making night hideous, and we
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reach of
Say why is this, wherefore, what

Hora. It beckons you to go
As if it some impartment did
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what care
It waues you to a more remoted
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake,

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what should
I doe not see my life at a point